MONKEY SHINES

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Monkey Shines

Monkey Shines

Little Stories for Little Children

By

BOLTON HALL

Author of

"The Game of Life," "Things As They Are," etc.

With Twenty-two Illustrations

By

LEON FOSTER JONES

New York

A. Wessels Company

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Printed October, 1904

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Preface

IT takes a Master, wise in the art and mystery of parables, to talk to a child.

From a few glimpses of these realistic fictions, on their way from the philosophic story-teller to his child listeners, our inference is threefold: (1) That the humane purpose is apparent in these parables which has gone out from the same source of thought and sympathy, to reach profound problems and great interests of the social grown-up world; (2) that the nature of Truth is such that when we know how to communicate it, learning becomes a delight; and, (3) that here are tokens of a principle in the intellectual and moral nature of men and women, the application of which assures successful education. This principle was pronounced clearly by the greatest of all teachers, who made little children His text-book; that no brain and no soul can receive what it is not somehow prepared and ready to receive.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.
(Bishop of Central New York.)

Foreword

THESE stories have been told to the author's children from their third to their tenth year, and to other children of various ages up to sixty. They are intended to amuse, and to teach also. Teaching is a foretaste of immortality — for as we teach, our thoughts are transmitted to all eternity. The author's opinion is that it is not wise to point the moral of these stories to the hearer: such was not the method of the great Teacher in His parables. In some you will find morals yourself that the child cannot: in many his eyes will see what is hidden from you. If you think a child has not pointed the moral itself, audibly or more likely silently, try another story of the same class, or repeat the same one a little later, after the method of Jesus. If that does not do, then either the story is not adapted to that child or else the author has failed in his task. Do not be impatient if the child does not learn very fast. Perhaps you do not learn very fast yourself.

To explain the moral is to make a child hate the story.

B. H.

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Choosing the Biggest

A PIKE is a fish with a great big mouth and long, sharp teeth. He can swim very fast — and he eats other fish. I don't think it is nice to live by eating one's little weak brothers. But the pike is made that way.

One morning the pike went out to find some breakfast. He saw a lot of dear little fishes all together. There was one big fish with them. So he opened his mouth wide, made a jump,

and took the biggest fish down into his throat with its head first. It was quite a big fish and the pike could not swallow it all the way: it stuck in his throat, half in and half out. Then he tried to put it out of his mouth, but the fish was stuck fast. The pike began to be very much afraid: it hurt him to have his mouth wide open so long, and he could hardly breathe.

He swam slowly up to where there was very little water, so as to be away from the other fish. He thought they would laugh at him.

Pretty soon Bobby came along by the water. There he saw the pike. "Oh," said he, "I'll run and get my net and catch that fish." So he got a net with a long stick to reach out, and he put it softly under the pike and — scoop! the pike was caught. Now when he felt himself caught, he kicked and shook himself and the fish fell quite out of his mouth and slipped through the threads of the net and swam slowly away. It was not much hurt. I'm glad of that.

Bobby took the pike up to the house and put him in the pond where the cows drink, and he used to go and see him there.

The pike lived there for a long, long time, but he had no one to play with and no place to run about. He got very thin and sad. At last a great rain came. It filled up the pond till it overflowed and the pike swam down to the river again. After that, he did not try to bite off more than he could chew. You see the pike learned to be wiser by making one mistake.

A Bark that Bit

A SHORT dog with long, brown, curly hair used to sit on a cushion. His name was Bark. Doris played with him every day. He would run after a ball and bring it again, then he would bark. You could teach a little dog to do that too. This is the way. Wrap up a piece of rag into a ball and throw it near the doggie. If he runs and picks it up, give him a little piece of cake. If he does not, do not hurt him but wrap a piece of cake in the rag so that he will tear it to pieces to get the cake. Then pat him and say "Good doggie." After a little he will learn to pick it up even if there is no cake. You pat him and tell him he is good. When he gives it to you, or even lets you take it, give him a larger piece of cake.

Every day Bark had bread and milk and Doris combed his hair. Doris loved him.

One day Bark was not very well: he had eaten too much. Doris called, "Bark, Bark, Bark!" Bark did not come. Doris went to him and caught his collar. Bark said "O-w-w." Doris pulled his collar. What do you think? Bark opened his mouth and snapped at Doris! His tooth cut her hand a little.

Doris did not cry, but ran and told her papa at once. She was a brave little girl. Doris's papa said, "Too bad. Bark must be put in the stable"; so he went and told Bark how bad he had been.

Another day Bark ran after the ball and when John called him, "Here, Bark, here, Bark, give me that ball," Bark did not want to. John put down his hand to take it — and Bark bit him.

When Doris's papa heard that, he said, "Doris, dear, I am afraid to have you play with that dog any more; he is getting cross." So poor Bark was sent out to the stable, and no one would go near him. He had no nice cushion to lie on, and instead of bread and milk to eat, he got only dog biscuit. Poor Bark! He could not run about and play with the children for they were afraid of him. They said, "He is a cross dog, and bites." Do you think Bark was sorry that he bit people?

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All His Own

WILLIE'S uncle went down to Florida. When you go to Florida, you sail out from New York and turn to the right, and go by the side of the sea as far South as you can get in the United States. There it is warm even in the winter time, so that oranges get ripe down there. Up here it is too cold. Willie's uncle sent him a whole box of oranges, but he sent them by train so that they would come quick. Willie counted them. There were about one hundred and forty in the box and Willie was very glad. His mamma thought that oranges were good for little boys and she told him to eat as many as he wanted to, and he ate three for breakfast and two after lunch, and one after supper. They were so sweet and nice, he liked them.

His mamma said she thought he had better give some of the oranges away, but Willie said "No, he didn't want to," and he ate his oranges. He had twenty-five cents, and he was going to buy a little sharp spoon to eat them with and keep them all to himself. He ate oranges for about four days and then he was invited to spend the Christmas Holidays with his little cousins.

His mamma told him he had better take some of the oranges with him. Willie said "No, if he did he would have to give some to his cousins and he wanted them all himself."

He had a nice time, playing with his cousins, and when he came back he went down to the cellar to get some oranges.

He put his hand in the box and took hold of an orange. Puh! his fingers stuck right into it. It was all green and slimy. He took out another and another; every one of his oranges was as rotten as could be and the juice was running out of the box and making a bad smell. So Willie cried and cried; all his nice oranges were spoiled. Then he went and told his papa. His papa said, "That's too bad, I'm sorry, but you know we can't have a box of bad oranges down in the cellar." Then said Willie, "I'll throw it into the street." But his papa said "Oh no, that wouldn't be nice for the neighbors." So poor Willie had to pay his twenty-five cents to a man to carry the box of oranges away in a cart and get rid of it, and what the man did with the box of oranges, I'm sure I don't know. What do you think?

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A Place for Everything

DORIS liked to cut out pictures and to paint them. She had a box of paints and a book with nice white paper. She had also a box of colored pencils, red, blue, green, black, and yellow, and a pair of scissors with blunt points. One wet day Daisy came to see Doris. Doris was very glad. "Now," said she, "we will make a picture frame for Daisy's papa and we will show Daisy how to help."

So Doris ran off to find the paints. She looked in her toy chest. They were not there. In her mamma's room. No. In the bureau. They were not there. She and Fraulein looked everywhere they could think of. The paint box could not be found, nor the paper either.

Then they had no more time to look for them, because Daisy had to go for her walk. So they said, "We'll play dominoes." The box of dominoes wasn't there, either. At last they found it at the bottom of Doris's toy chest. But when they opened it only about half the dominoes were in the box. "Oh," said Doris, "I remember, I left them on the piazza." So they went down-stairs for them. Little brother had been

there, and had taken a lot of them away to play with, and he left them, no one knew where.

Daisy's nurse said, "Why can't Doris come with Daisy for her walk? and they can play skipping rope." Doris thought that would be fine, and went to find her coat and hat and gloves. Nurse had taken care of the coat and hat, and the gloves were finally found on the hall table. Now where was Doris's skipping rope? Nowhere could it be found. "Well, the hoop, then," said Fraulein. The hoop was in the hall closet, but where was the stick? At last the waitress said she saw a stick in the fireplace; there it was, but it was partly burnt and could not be used.

Daisy could not wait any longer, and nurse said she thought it was too late to look for any more things; so Doris was going without any toys. "We have to go to the Park," said Daisy's nurse, "so you had better put on your overshoes." Doris's overshoes were not in the closet, and while she was hunting for them, Daisy had to go.

"It seems to me," said Doris, "that I do nothing all day long but look for things."

Why was that?

You can find them in the picture if you look for them.

Bird's Nesting

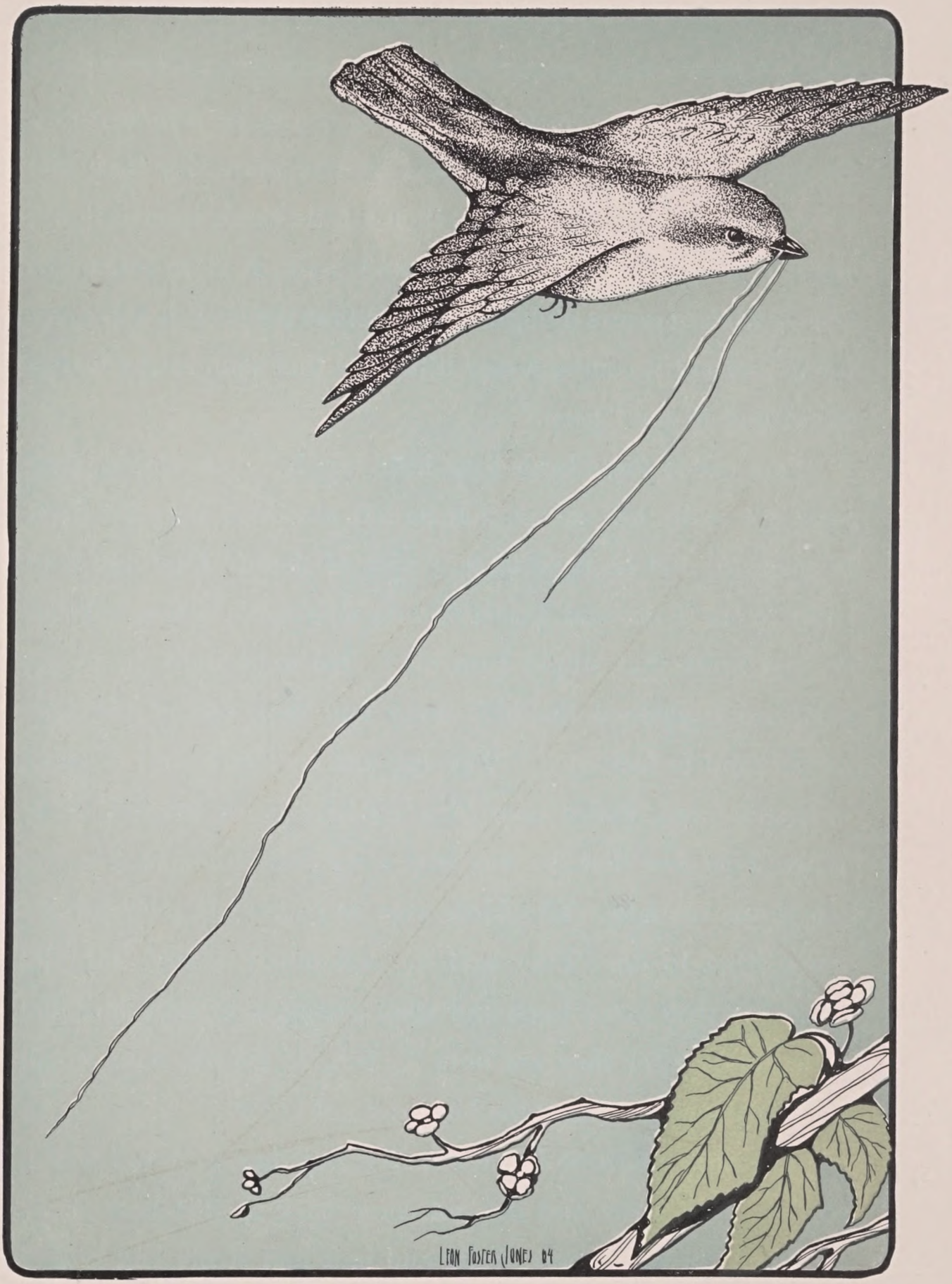
ONE day Tom was playing on the lawn and he saw a sparrow fly down and pick up a piece of string that Tom had dropped on the ground. Off it flew with the long string trailing out behind it and it lit in a tree. This was a little tree, so Tom went over there, after the sparrow flew away, and looked. The sparrow did not carry the string with it when it went out of the tree, and Tom wondered what it did with the string. There in the tree, under some of the branches, that little bird had been building a cunning nest, round and soft inside and lined with nice feathers. Next day, when Tom looked at it he saw a tiny blue egg in the nest (he had to watch till the sparrow had gone away so as not to frighten her), and once when he went up very softly, there was the mamma bird sitting on her nest with her wings spread over it. When Tom looked again there were two eggs in the nest. The next day he saw the papa bird flying to the nest with a worm in his mouth. "Oh," said Tom, "I'm sure they must have some baby birds in there." So he looked. No, not one. The papa bird had just brought the worm for the mamma, because she would not leave the nest for fear the eggs should be cold. For

you know that when birds sit on the eggs and keep them warm for about three weeks (that would be one more day than you have fingers and toes together), then a little chick is born in the shell; it has no feathers and it can't walk, it is so little; but after a while it grows and grows so big that the shell is too small for it, and out it comes, a nice little bird that soon learns to run about and to say "peep."

Tom called these birds "his little family." Of course, they were not really his, except that he left nice food near for them to pick up, and he tried to take care of them. One day Sam came to see Tom, and Tom told him all about the nest. What do you think that stupid Sam did? He went right up to the nest and frightened the bird away and took one of the eggs in his hand to look at it. The egg was very little and it broke in Sam's hand, and a poor little bit of a chick fell out dead. When Tom saw that, he was very sorry and pulled Sam away; but it was too late. The birds were so frightened they did not know what to do. They said to each other, "Why, any day some boy may come back and spoil our eggs, or even hurt the little chicks after they are born." But, of course, Sam would not have done that, only the birds did not know.

The little sparrows felt very sorry, but they were too afraid, so they went away and did not come back to that nest at all.

They got some more straw and hair and string and built a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new nest high up in a tree, where they would be safe. Tom used to climb up into another tree close by and look over at the nest and the eggs and then at the little birds in it. When the birds grew big enough, they flew away and built nests of their own. That is the end of that story.

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The Clock that Mistook Its Calling

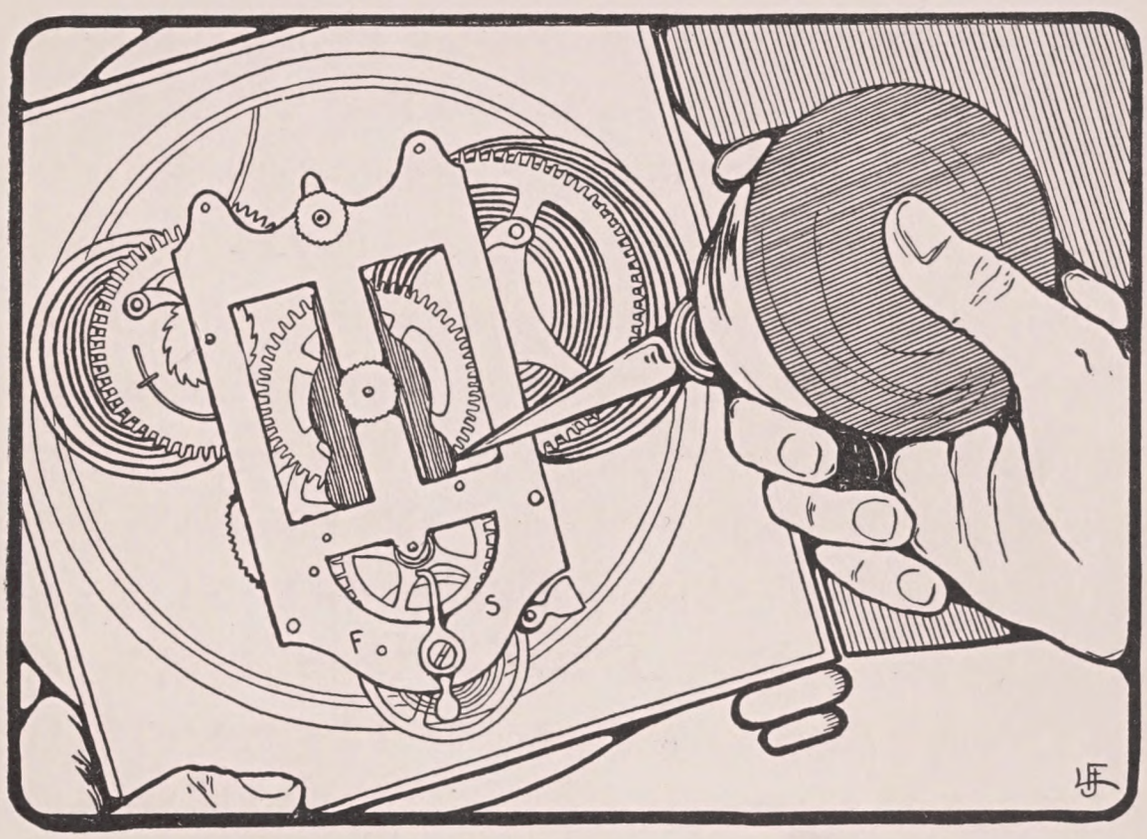
THERE was a clock in the menagerie; you know what a menagerie is, where they have wild animals,—tigers, and bears, and wolves. The clock told what time the menagerie should be opened and what time the animals should be fed and when it was time to close up; but for fear they should forget, it used to strike 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, just like the other clocks.

One day they got a new lion in that menagerie and the lion roared tremendously just like this, "Ow-ow-ow-w-w." The clock thought that was a fine noise and he would like to make such a noise also, so when it came time to strike, he just went "burr, burr, burr," as loud as he could, but of course a clock couldn't do that very long; he ran entirely down, and so the poor clock stopped and couldn't go any more.

When the menagerie man looked up, he said, "I don't know what's the matter with that clock," and he began to poke things into it and put drops of oil into it and to bend its wheels until the clock was so sick and sorry that it thought it was

going to die. Then the menagerie man hung it up on the wall and said, "I guess it will go all right now."

And it did.



Confidence

ONE day Bobby's papa took him out in the boat for a sail. They had a basket with them and when it was time for lunch Bobby opened the basket and set all the things out nicely on a newspaper, and they had lunch while the boat sailed along. When they had nearly finished, Bobby's papa looked at the sky and saw a heap of black clouds near the water. He jumped up, saying, "Bobby, we are going to have a storm." He pulled down the big sails, while Bobby stuffed all the forks and things back into the basket as fast as he could. The wind began to blow — "Whew, siss'ss, hoo-oo," and the waves slapped against the side of the boat. The boat rocked and the water came over the side. Poor Bobby was a little afraid, but his papa said, "Now, Bobby dear, you will do just as I tell you, won't you?" and Bobby said, "Yes, papa." So his papa told him to sit down in the very bottom of the boat.

Still it blew harder and harder and the wind lifted sheets of water off the tops of the waves and threw them over the boat. The boat filled with water and Bobby and his papa were sitting in the bottom trying to bail it out when a big wave came over it—whoop! and down sank the boat into the sea.

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Bobby had always done just what his papa said, so when they fell into the cold water and his papa cried out, "Keep still, Bobby," Bobby did not even put out his hands. The water was just coming into his nose and mouth when he felt his papa's arm under his head. "Be quiet, Bobby," said his papa. Bobby's head went under the water just once, but he remembered that his papa said to keep still, and in a second his papa pulled Bobby's arms around his own neck and began swimming away.

Some men who were out fishing saw a little black thing jumping up and down in the water. They thought it was a black duck. Pretty soon one of them said, "I see two black things." (That was Bobby's head behind his papa's.) The other said, "They don't look like ducks. What can they be?"

The men rowed up, and when they came near there, it was Bobby and his papa in the water. So they pulled them into a boat and took them over to their house, and put them to dry and gave them some hot coffee to drink, and rubbed their hands and feet and put hot stones and bottles of hot water up against them, and scrubbed them with coarse towels and got them to walk up and down, and heaped bedclothes on them, pretty much all that were in the house, until they got well and warm again, and then Bobby's papa came and kissed Bobby good

night, and said, "The man thought we looked like ducks, but we are not ducks, except that you are a nice little duck not to scream, and to do just what I told you, and if you had not, what do you think? Both Mr. Papa and you would have been drowned."

Dirty Children

DOLLY'S name was "Smudge." That was because she never looked clean. Dolly was not to blame for that, because she was only made of rags, and when she was quite new, Doris had left her out on the doorstep one night. It rained that night, and the rain fell on the bad people, if there were any, and on the good ones too. It made the color run in poor Dolly's dress so that it stained her new boots.

Would you look very clean yourself if you had been out all night in the rain?

The sun got up in the morning before Doris did, and it shone on Dolly's face and made it all brown. That looks very well on a little girl, but not so well on a dolly. Poor Dolly!

Doris was sorry, so she washed Dolly's face with great care. She washed it with a nail brush. It did not seem to look any better. What do you think? Doris said Dolly was naughty to be so dirty.

All the dolls had a party — Bobby had a doll too, and he cut some new ones out of a picture paper. They were all clean and bright. Bobby washed his hands, and they all sat down to tea. Of course the tea was water with some white sand for sugar, and they only pretended to drink it.

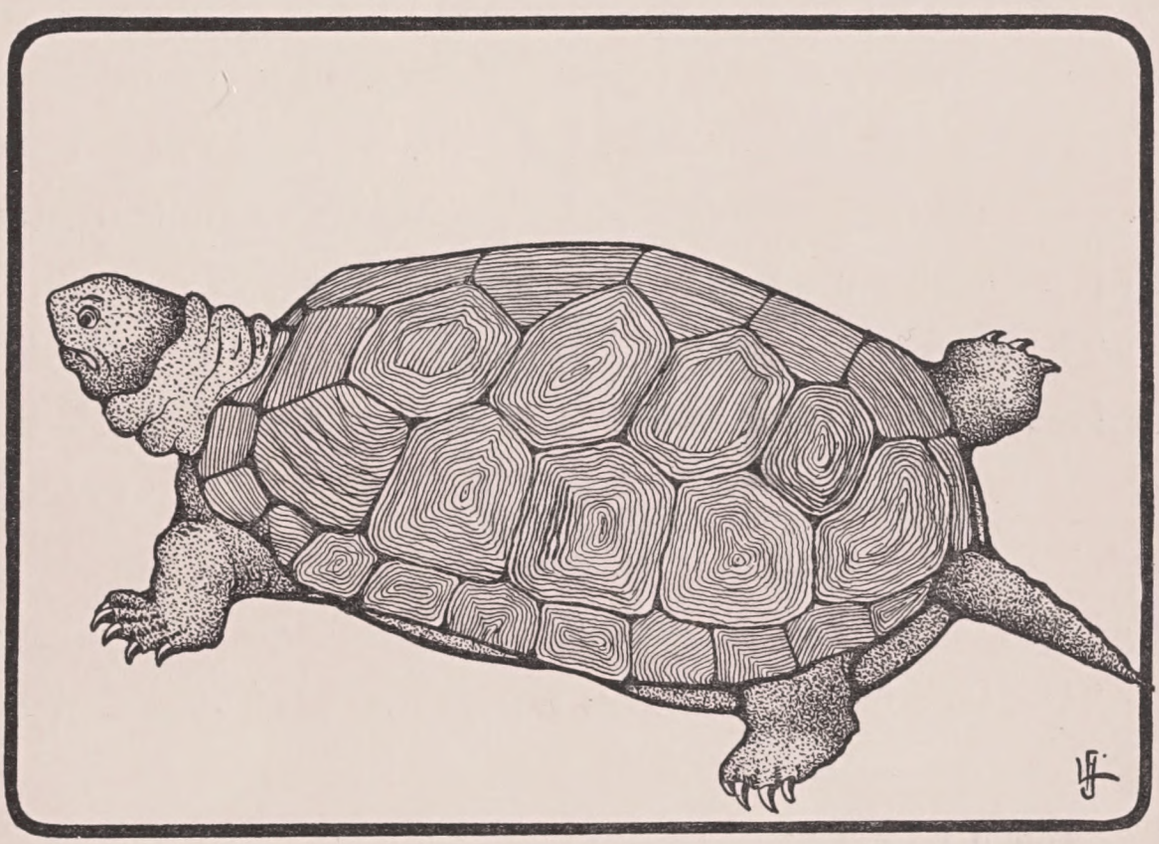
Poor Dolly lay in the corner. She could not come to table; that was because she was dirty. We do not have dirty people at table.

Doris's mamma came in to help the dollies to tea. She saw Smudge in the corner all by herself. Doris's mamma took Dolly and went up-stairs with her. She got a nice, clean piece of cloth and sewed it over her face. Then she made eyes and a mouth with ink. She put a clean dress on her. When Smudge was brought down again, Doris said, "Oh, how sweet and neat she looks; now she can come to table." Then Doris looked at her own little hands. They were all dirty themselves. Doris went and washed them and then they all had a party. They had some real cake, but only Bobby and Doris really ate it, and they saved a piece for mamma. After that it was time to go to bed. Good night.

LEON FOSTER BONNEY

The Fat Tortoise

A BOX tortoise is a little animal which is shaped like a turtle. This picture is a turtle. It has a hard shell, just like a clam, but it has legs and a head.



Its head looks like a bird's head. This animal can shut himself up in his shell, as if it were a box, so that no one can hurt him.

He cannot run fast, so if he could not shut himself up, cats or foxes would catch him and eat him.

Once two of these living boxes lived with each other and liked each other very much. One of them was a papa tortoise and the other was his wife. The wife tortoise did not want to do anything but eat and sleep. She did not like to run about nor play. So she got very fat. One day a fox came walking along where the tortoises were eating worms. When the tortoises smelt the fox, the papa tortoise shut up his shell as quickly as he could, and the fat one tried to shut herself up too — poor thing, she was so fat that her shell would not shut. She tried to squeeze herself in, but when her head was in there was no room for her foreleg, and when her leg was in there was no place for her head. Her hind legs would not go in at all.

The fox smelled the tortoises too; he looked all 'round till he found them. Papa tortoise was shut up tight, but the fox caught the poor fat one and bit off her head. He said to himself, "That is the fattest tortoise I ever saw."

"And?" said Doris.

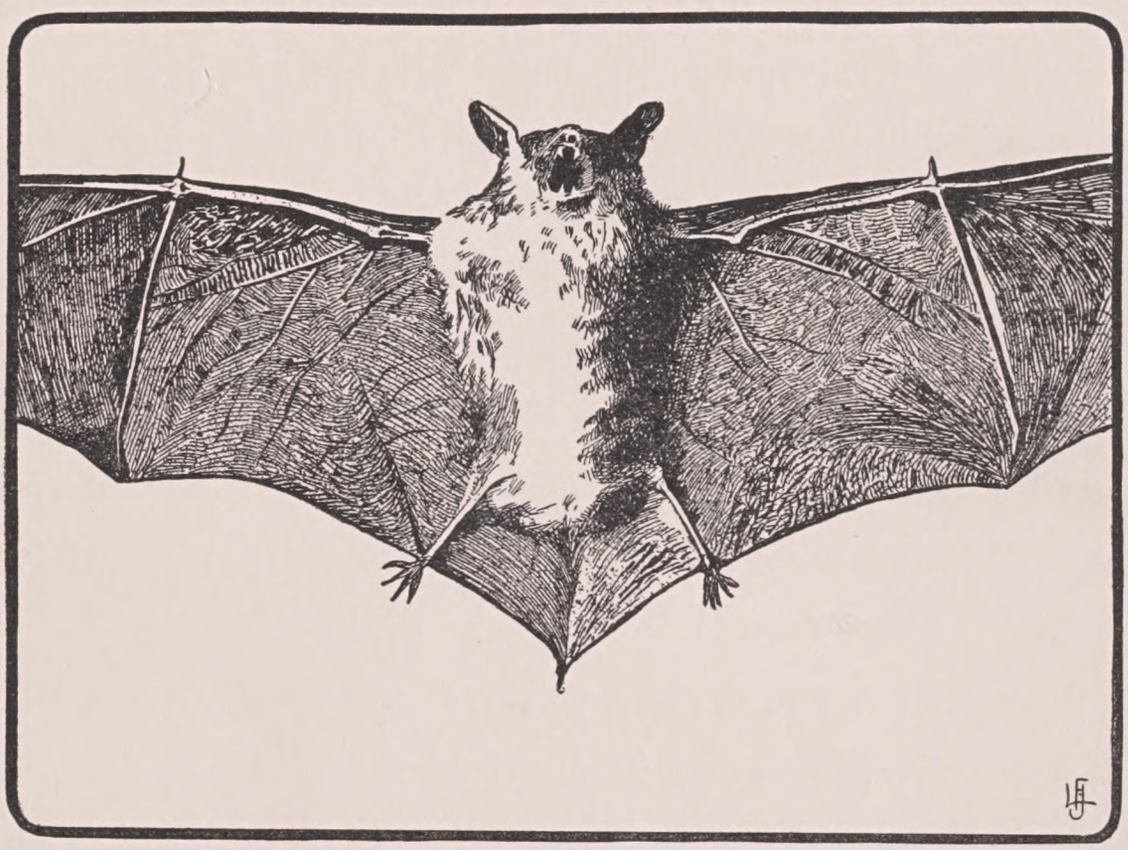
"Oh, then the papa tortoise always took great care that he did not get so lazy and fat."

"But if he did?"

"Then I think the fox would get him too."

The Flying Mouse

ONCE Doris's papa was reading a book at night and the window was open. He heard a little soft "squeak, squeak" outside, and something that flew like a bird



came flying in. But it was not a bird. It was a little baby bat. Now a bat is just like a mouse, only it has wings made of thin skin like the skin between your thumb and first finger.

It can see in the night and it has sharp little teeth just like

a kitten's. There was a young lady in the room, and when she saw the bat she screamed and put a shawl over her head. "Oh!" she said, "the bat will get in my hair, and I will have to cut all my hair off." But a bat would not get in anyone's hair. Only foolish grown-up people think it would. When people don't know, they are afraid of nearly everything.

Doris's papa took a soft towel and knocked the little bat down with it, but he made only a gentle blow so as not to hurt it. He would not hurt a little bat. The bat bit his hand with its teeth, for it thought he was going to hurt it and was afraid; but they were very little teeth, so Doris's papa did not mind. He took a box and put a little branch of a tree in it for the bat to hang on with its feet, then he put the bat into it and tied a piece of cheese cloth over the top of the box. He cut some meat into little bits and held one on his finger; the bat crept down and opened its mouth, and with its sharp teeth ate the meat.

Soon the bat was so tame that it would fly about the room and catch mosquitoes and flies, and when Doris's papa held up a piece of meat the bat would fly down from the window curtain and eat it.

When the days got cold, Doris's papa opened the window and let it fly away. The bat flew back to the hole under the edge of the roof where it lived, and went to sleep. It stayed

asleep all day and all night till all the snow and frost was gone and the days were warm again. Then it caught flies and mosquitoes in the night out on the lawn. In the daytime a big fly called a "devil's darning needle" caught other mosquitoes. (The young lady was afraid of the "devil's darning needle" too, but Doris was not.) Lots of mosquitoes were caught, some of which would have bitten Doris if the bat and the "devil's darning needle" had not caught them.

"And then?" asked Doris. "Oh, I do not know any more," said Doris's papa. "Well, perhaps you will learn," said Doris. "Perhaps I will," said her papa.

Hanschen's Story

THERE is a country that is as flat as the palm of your hand, when you spread your hand out. The sea once flowed over a great deal of that country, but the people, when the tides were low, fenced out the sea with big walls of earth and planks and stones. These walls are called dikes. What is the name of that country? Holland. Of course it took a long time to make all those great walls, and now they are covered with grass and trees and inside them there are fields and farms and houses and streets and lots of people.

But always the sea beats upon the outside of the dikes, so the people that live there have to be very careful to watch their walls, lest the water should soak through in a weak place or should wash away the earth and loosen the stones and sweep away the dikes and drown the people and the fields.

In that country lived a little boy called Hanschen; Hanschen is Dutch for little John. Hanschen was very fond of playing in the boats; which was nice, only the boats generally had some water in them and that wet Hans's shoes. Hanschen was too little to take off his own shoes and the water spoiled them, so his papa had to buy new shoes for him. Now Han-

schen's papa knew that there were many things that he could buy with the money that he had to spend for shoes, so he asked Hanschen not to play in the boats. Hanschen told his papa that he would not play there, except when there was some one there to take off his shoes.

One day Hanschen came home from school with his shoes soaking wet. The family lived in the country and Hanschen had to walk a long way from school. When Hanschen's papa saw how wet his shoes were, he said, "Now, Hanschen, you have been playing in the boats again; I will have to punish you." But if I had been Hanschen's papa, I would not have punished him. I would have said, "You foolish little child, you're too little to go to school alone, and will have to stay home until you are wiser"; or else I would have said, "Hanschen dear, you can't wear shoes to school until you learn to take care of them."

However, Hanschen said, "No, papa, I haven't been playing in the boats at all." "Why, Hanschen," said his papa, "you must have been; see how wet your shoes are!" "No," said Hanschen, "I have not; I haven't been near the boats at all — I have not." Hanschen's papa was angry, because he really thought Hanschen was saying what was not true. But Hanschen was not that kind of a boy — he would not tell a lie, any more than you would tell a lie. "Well," his papa said, "how did you get your shoes so wet?" "I got them wet,"

said Hanschen, "crossing a little stream." "Hanschen," said his papa, "you must not say such things; there isn't any stream between our farm and school." Poor Hanschen began to cry. "I did so get them wet crossing the stream, and there was truly a stream, papa."

Just then Hanschen's mamma came in and asked what was the matter. When she heard, she said, "Hans, I don't think Hanschen would say anything that isn't true, maybe it's a puddle he means." "No," said Hanschen's father, "for it is sea water. I can see the salt dried on the black leather and it smells of sea water too." "Well," said Hanschen's mamma, "Hanschen never says anything that isn't true, and he said he would not play in the boat and now he says he did not. Maybe there really is a stream that we don't remember, and maybe that salt on his shoes is only some old salt coming out from the time they got wet before. Wait a bit, I'm going to see." So she went off on the way to the school. She had hardly got out of sight of the house when she began to scream, "The dike, the dike! the sea has broken through!" and she ran and screamed and screamed till all the people ran and saw the little stream soaking through the grass. They followed it up till they found where it was leaking through the dike, and they put boards and earth and big rocks down at the place, and drove trunks of trees down into the dike and so kept out the sea.

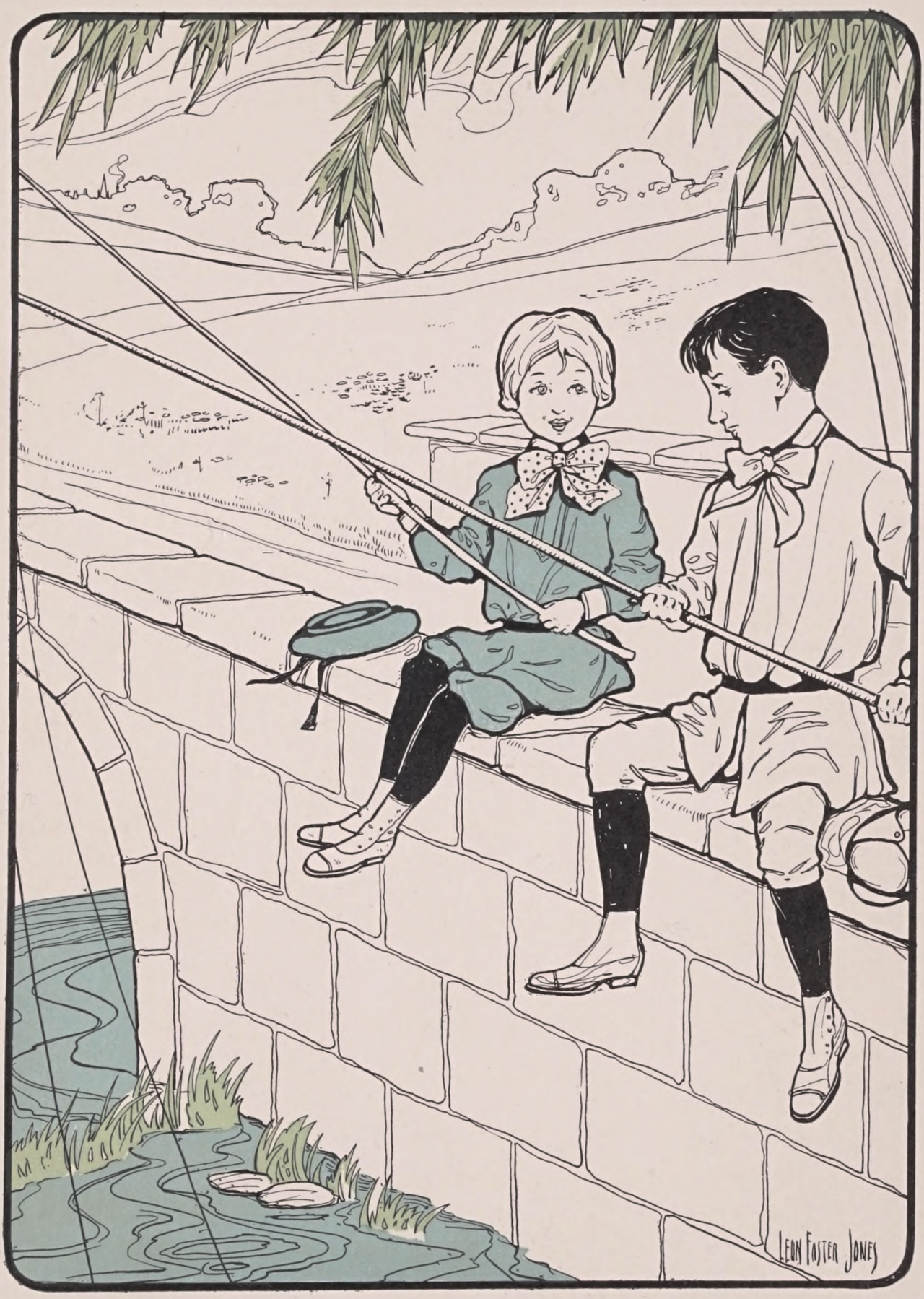
If his mamma had not believed Hanschen and gone to look, the sea would have made the hole bigger and bigger in the night until the waves would have come in and flooded the country and drowned the people too.

After that, I think if Hanschen had said that a trolley car chased him up-stairs, the people would have said, "I don't see how that could be, but if Hanschen said it, it must be true."

The Hard Lesson

WHEN it was time for Harry's lessons, he used to say, "I don't want to"; "No, I'm not going to do lessons to-day." Sometimes he would start to go to school, but instead he would stop and play in the street. When he had sums to do, he used to draw cats on the slate and never learn the figures at all, and sometimes when it was school time Harry would go off fishing and have a splendid time with a boy that he knew.

When Harry grew up, his papa gave him a lot of money, and Harry put it in banks and gave it to people to take care of for him. But, you see, Harry could not count up how much he had, because he couldn't do figures nor understand what the people did with his money. He had nothing to do, for when the other people talked about books and looked at pictures, Harry didn't know about them, because he couldn't read very well, and they didn't like to have him with them, because he didn't know the things they cared about. He could do nothing but shoot and ride and swim, and one soon gets tired of doing such things as that all the time. It was pretty dull for Harry. So he learned to play cards to pass away the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time. When people were poor or sick, Harry felt sorry for them, but he didn't know how to do anything to help them, except to give them some money. Well, with the cards, and not knowing how to take care of his money, Harry soon lost it all.

Harry said, "I'll work and earn some money." That was nice of him. So he went to a store and asked if they wanted him to work. The man who had the store said, "What can you do?" "Oh," said Harry, "I can do anything." "Well," said the man, "are you good at figures?" "N-o," said Harry, "I can't do figures." "Can you speak French?" the man asked. "Oh, dear, no," Harry answered, "I don't know French." "Can you play the piano?" he asked. "I don't know," said Harry; "I never tried." The man laughed. "Well, can you teach children to read nicely and to do kindergarten things?" "No," said poor Harry. "Do you write a nice hand and spell every word right?" "Indeed I don't," said the poor boy. "Could you do carpenter work?" the man asked. "I could, but I don't know how," said Harry. "Well," the man said, "I don't know what you could do that would help me. I can't have you in my store." Harry tried to learn, but it's very hard to learn when you are grown up, if you haven't been used to study.

Harry went everywhere he could think of, but all the men asked the same sort of questions and no one could find anything

he could do for them, so that he could get some money. After a while, he found a place where they wanted stones broken on the road. It was hot and dusty, and Harry thought, "If I could do something else, it wouldn't be nearly such hard work, and I could get a great deal more."

But he never learned anything else, so he never earned anything more.

Wasn't that stupid?

Johnny Delay

SOME time ago there was a little boy called "Johnny Delay." Why was he called that? Perhaps you will see when you hear the story.

All his little friends were going for a picnic to a beach at the other side of the river. The stage was to call for Johnny at ten o'clock in the morning. At nine Johnny's nurse said, "Come, dear, it is time to get ready." Johnny said, "Yes, after I find my ball." The ball was lost and Johnny looked but could not find it.

His mamma called again, "Johnny, Johnny, you will be late." Then Johnny came. While his nurse was dressing him, Johnny would go to look out of the window and play that he was the stage driver. He cracked his whip and said "Gee," just as if he had a horse in front of him.

Poor nurse was trying to hurry up, and she said, "Johnny, while you play like that, I can't dress you." Johnny did not stop playing.

Just as he got his stockings on, before his face was washed (his face was quite dirty), the stage drove up, for it was ten o'clock. All the children were in it and they had a basket of lunch and a pail of ice cream for dessert.

The driver said, "All ready?" Johnny's mamma ran down to him. She said, "Oh, I'm so sorry; Johnny is not ready yet: can you wait?" The driver said, "We have to catch the boat that goes over the river and we can wait only just two minutes. Will he be ready then?"

Then Johnny's mamma felt bad. She said, "Oh, I am afraid not," and ran up-stairs to help Johnny's nurse. Poor Johnny! before he got his shoes on, the driver called out, "Too bad, we can't wait any more," and off he drove with all the children.

Johnny cried, and his mamma said, "I'm sorry you delayed, dear, but we will have some ice cream here and try to have a good time."

The children had a lovely time. They waded in the river and threw stones into the water and gathered flowers, and what do you think they found? They found a dear little turtle which could shut itself up in its shell. As Johnny was not with them, they said, "We will take it home to Johnny."

Poor Johnny! he was all alone at home because nurse was going out to see her cousin and his mamma was busy. They had ice cream for lunch and it was very good, even though some of Johnny's tears fell into his plate. He could not forget the picnic.

Always after that, Johnny would dress first and play after-

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wards, and whenever anyone was coming for him, Johnny was ready on the steps.

Then he was Johnny Already.

Leap Frog

A LITTLE toad went to see a frog that lived down by a pond. The toad said, "What shall we play?" "Oh," said the frog, "let us play jumping into the water." Well, of course toads don't much like to jump into the water, but he was too polite to say that he wouldn't, so he jumped into the water and climbed out again, until the poor little toad was ill.

Next day the frog came to see the toad, so as to return his visit, and he said to the toad, "What shall we play?" "Oh," said the toad, "let's play rolling in the dust, it's so warm and nice; that's great fun." Well, because the toad had done what the frog wanted him to do, on his visit, the frog could not say no, and he had to roll in the dust. Frogs hate dust more than anything else, and he went home just as sick as the toad had been.

After that they both began to think, "How foolish we were"; and the next time the one visited the other he asked, "What would you like to do?" until they found something that suited both of them, and that was playing leap-frog. One would sit down and the other would put his hands on his head and jump

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over him, and then it would be the other one's turn. Doing that, they had great fun, and got to love each other just as well as you love me and I love you.

XV

The Loose Pony

BOBBY had a little pony. He used to take care of it himself and give it hay and oats, but not too much oats; and he used to comb its hair and climb up on its back to ride.

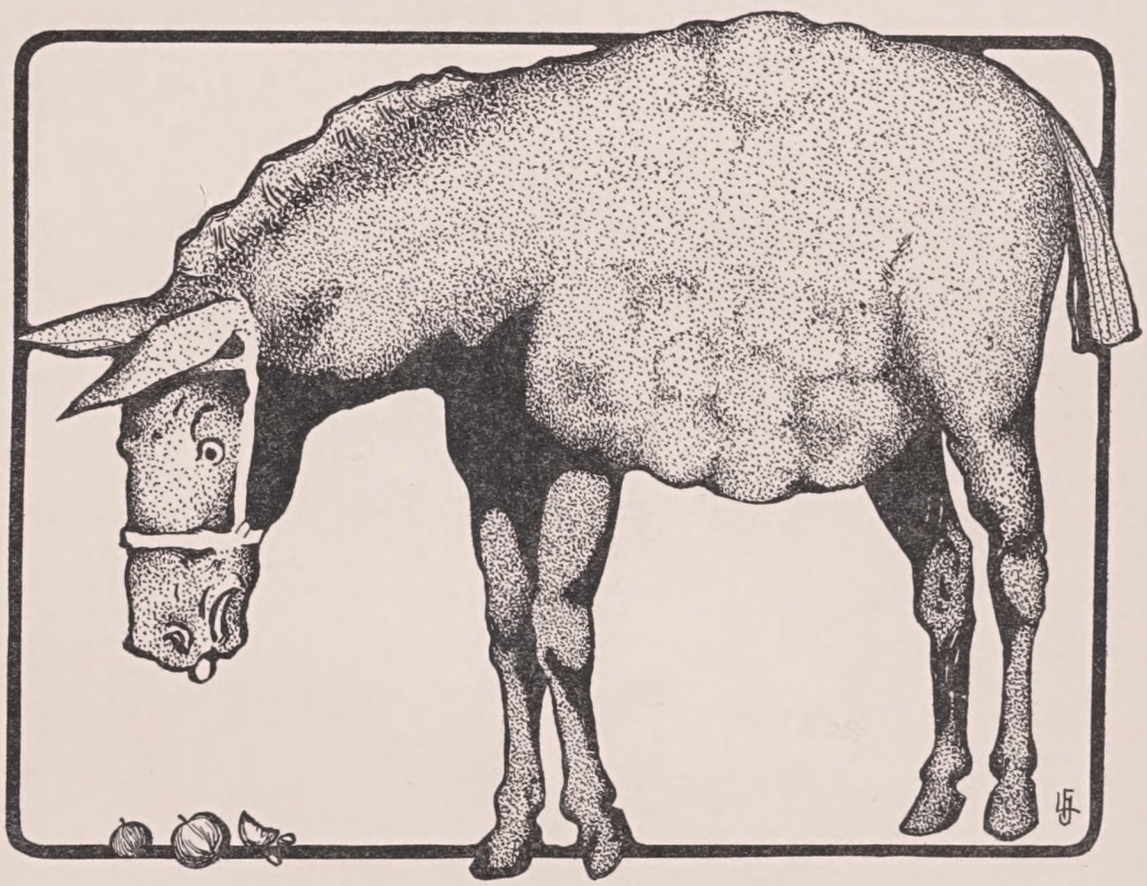
One day Mary, the cook, left the garden gate open, and the pony found it open, and in he walked. He knew that Patrick, the coachman, would drive him out as soon as he saw him, but there were lots of ears of corn and apples and peas and green fruit just near the gate.

So the pony made haste and took a big apple, and swallowed it down without even biting it with his teeth; then he grabbed some peas and quick down they went; then a bite of squash and of beans and of turnips and of everything, as quickly as he could. He did not chew them one bit, but just gulped them down whole, for he saw John coming with a whip.

When John came up he said, "Dear me! I am afraid Mary left that gate open." Then he waved the whip and made a great noise with it, "Crack, crack," but he did not try to hit the little pony. The pony ran out at once, and John shut the gate.

But the pony said to himself, "I don't care. I had a lot of

good things to eat." Well, quite soon he began to feel very ill. He did not want to run any more; his poor head hung down and his stomach was so sick. He lay down and curled himself up, but he could not go to sleep; it felt just as if he had a big stone in his stomach.



Patrick came to give him his supper. The pony could not eat one bit of the supper. Patrick looked at him. "Why," said Patrick, "that pony has been eating too fast, he has colic." So he got such a stiff, hard brush and rubbed him all over and over with it. He took a big lump of medicine in his hand and opened the pony's mouth and pushed it all the way down the

pony's throat. Then he put a blanket over him and stood there with a whip, and made the pony walk round and round and round and round the yard, round and round and round, till he could hardly walk any more.

Then he put the poor pony to bed without any supper. All that was to make the pony well. It was three whole days before the pony could go out and run and have his nice food again.

Always after that the pony would bite his food with his sharp teeth and chew it all up and grind it in his mouth till it was soft. Then he was as well as could be and ran all over the fields so fast you could hardly see his legs.

Little boys have more sense than ponies have.

The Man and the Pig

A MAN went out for a walk with a pig. When they came to the railroad track the man looked up the track and down the track and said to the pig, "Don't go so fast, there is a train coming." People think pigs can't talk, because people can't understand what pigs want to say; but I have heard pigs grunt much like a man, and I have heard men speak like pigs — so perhaps pigs can talk; anyhow, this pig said, "I will go fast," and went on. "Boom-petty-boom-petty-whiz," came the train, and the pig had just almost got up to the track, but not quite, so the train went safely past.

They had to cross the track again coming back, and of course the man looked up the track and down the track to see if a train was coming, and he listened too. There away down the track he saw a train. So he said to the pig, "Go faster, there is a train coming." "I won't at all," said the pig. "You told me last time not to go so fast, but I did and I got over all right." So the pig went as slow as ever, and just as he got over the rail the train went "Whiz-boom-pettity-boom" past, and almost hit him, but not quite.

Near the man's house there was a trolley car, and when they

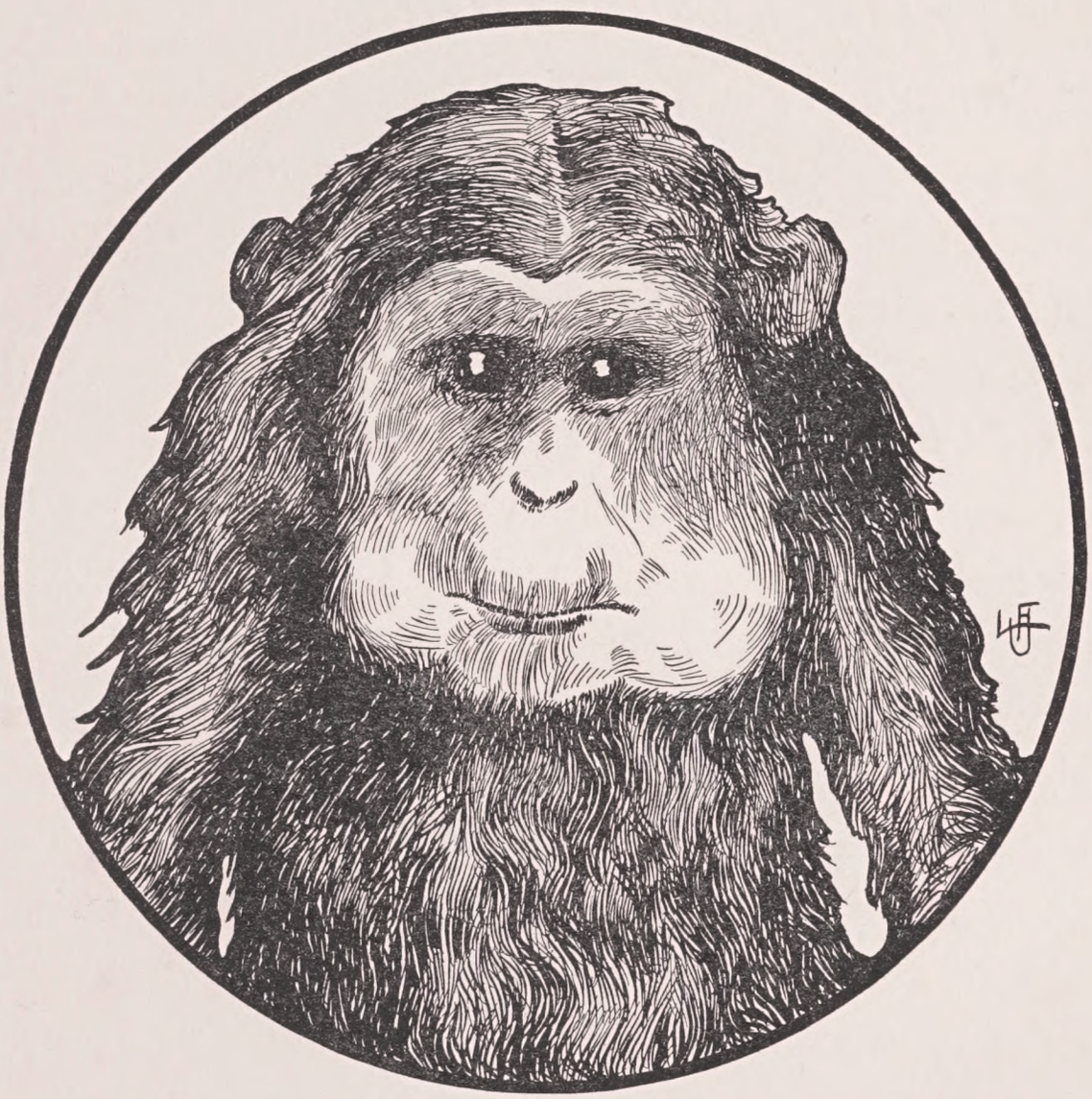
came near it the man looked to see if a car was coming, and there was one at the top of the hill. The man said to the pig, "Look out for the trolley car." But this was a pig, not a wise boy, so he answered, "You are always telling me to do something and I won't do any more of the things you say." The pig walked on without ever looking, and the trolley car hit the poor pig and ran over him and ground him all up. The man gathered up the little bits of the pig and cried over him and made a whistle out of the pig's tail. That was the end of the pig.

Monkey Shines

BOBBY had a little monkey; his name was Midas Chrysolenous, but he did not know that, so was called "Jocko." He had a cunning little red golf coat made of velvet. It was only the size of this page, because that is all the size the monkey was, but his tail was longer than that. He could catch on to things by his tail and swing by it, which was very delightful. He liked to sit on top of the door, when the door was open, and to jump from it to the gas fixture or onto Bobby's shoulder, and he had lots of little tricks. He would climb up on the back of your chair and tickle your ear or hide nuts in your pocket. He would peep into the sugar bowl and put a lump of sugar into a little pocket in his cheek, and then pretend to wipe his mouth with a napkin, so that everybody said what a dear, cunning little monkey he was.

Everybody said that so often that he thought he must be a very smart monkey and was always trying new tricks. Pretty soon he did some things that were not nice. He spilled the sugar on the table, he put his little hands in the water and put them on Bobby's clean collar, and pulled Bobby's papa's necktie out. He knocked a vase off the mantelpiece and

dropped bits of paper into the teacups. All day long he would be up to some monkey shines Grandmamma said he would



bring down her gray wig in sorrow to the grave. You see, he was only a monkey, so he did not know that those things made trouble for people and that someone had to clean up after him.

At last he took a little golf stick that he had; not a real golf

stick, but just a pretending one, and put it in the syrup jug and jumped with it on Bobby's mamma and made a great spot on her dress, though he only meant to run off with the stick and lick the syrup on it. So Bobby's papa said, "That monkey is a perfect nuisance, we must send him to the Central Park Zoölogical Garden." Poor Jocko had to go, shut up in a basket, and he was put in a cage. There was no one there to put him in their pockets nor to rub his sweet little head and pet him. Bobby used to go to see him sometimes, but there was no one to play tricks on there.

When he had been shut up about a year Bobby was there one day with his papa, and poor Jocko sat down in the corner of his cage and wept so quietly and sadly that Bobby's papa said, "We must really take Jocko home. I think he will be wiser now."

And he was.

The Obstinate Donkey

TOMMY had a nice little donkey and a cart, and he used to go out driving the donkey, all by his own self and nobody with them, and when he would pull the rein that he held in one hand, the donkey would go to the right, and when he would pull the other rein, the donkey would go to the other side. Only he had to pull gently, you know, so as not to hurt the poor donkey's mouth, and when he pulled both reins together, the donkey would stop. The donkey's name was Neddy. Now, poor Neddy hadn't much sense. He was only a donkey, and one day when Tommy went out with him the donkey said, "I am just going to do what I wish, and not what Tommy wants me to do at all." So when Tommy pulled the rein on one side, the donkey went the other way, and when Tommy said, "Get up!" the donkey stopped short. And when Tommy pulled both reins to make the donkey stop, that moment, the donkey went on. Then Tommy gave him a little knock with the whip, not so as to hurt him, you know, but just to say, "You mind what I tell you." Now, the donkey would not mind one bit. He just cocked up his ears and stood stock still. He wouldn't go forward or even sidewise or back, no

matter what Tommy did. A boy came along and told Tommy to push on the reins; that was foolish.

Tommy got out of the wagon and ran home and told Patrick about the donkey. "Ho, ho," said Patrick, "I'll soon fix him." So he came out there where the donkey was, and he brought a hammer and a big stick with him. Do you think he beat the donkey with the stick? No. It would not do any good to beat the donkey, any more than it would to beat little children. He made the stick sharp and he hammered it in the road, right where the donkey was standing, and he tied the donkey there. Then he went away. Well, the donkey stood there and stood there, and pretty soon he thought, "I would like to go home and have my dinner." No, he was tied fast. Then he thought, "It is very uncomfortable standing here so long and I want to go home." He could not get away at all. Then he began to bray, "Yeh, heh, yeh, heh!" Patrick did not take any notice. The donkey was getting very tired, and very thirsty, and very hungry, and very sorry, but there he had to stand. You see, when he would not go the right way, then he could not go at all. However, when it began to get dark, Patrick came out and pulled up the stick that he had fastened in the ground, and pulled round the rein on one side. The donkey went that side. Then Patrick pulled both lines and the donkey stopped. Patrick said "Go!" and the donkey went trotting off as quickly as he could,

and when he got to his stable, he was so thirsty and so hungry and so tired. Ever after that he used to do just what Tommy wanted him to do, because Tommy knew better; so you see the donkey was a great deal wiser than many grown-up people. Because when he had learned his lesson he knew it, and grown-up people don't always.

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xix

The Pretty Ratlet

THERE was a little rat which lived in a hole. It was a plain sort of a little rat and did not know much, but all the other rats liked its papa and its mamma.

When company came, they used to say, "Oh, what a dear little ratlet!" because that pleased the ratlet's mamma; and, "Isn't he cunning!" "What a cute little chap!" "Isn't he like his papa!" Then he learned some little tricks and would do them for the visitors, and they would all say, "What a bright little rat he is," and "How nicely he does them all."

And he thought how smart he must be. But really they were only things that anybody could do. Well, of course he was a tiny little rat and people would cry out, "What a pretty little dear!" That was only because he was so little: he wasn't truly very pretty.

When he grew big he kept on thinking that he was just as cunning and smart and pretty as everybody had said. So he always walked with his nose turned up at every one else, as if he were nicer and better than they.

The other young rats did not like that, so they ran races with him, and he found that plenty of other rats could run faster than

he could, and could jump farther and climb higher, and knew more games and everything. Yet every time he went home, some of his friends would say, "How nice he is," or something like that, and he thought he was, and so he quite looked down on other little rats. So they would not play with him at all nor lend him their toys; that was not kind of them, but it is the way some people do.

After Ratlet had had a horrid time for years and years, he got some sense. That is the only way foolish people can get sense; and he found out that even if you are pretty and smart, people won't play with you and amuse you if you are always trying to make them think how fine you are.

After that he always had a splendid time.

XX

The Quail Society

QUAILS are smart little birds. When night comes the quails in the grass say "Hoo-weet, hoo-weet." That means "Come here, come here," and all the other quails make an answer that sounds like "wet-my-feet," but that is not what it means at all. The quails know that it means "I will come, I will come."

Then it gets dark and every little quail sits down on the ground. He does not sit down alone; if he did he would get cold and stiff and he would not be safe.

But all the little quails sit down so as to make a ring, with their tails in the center. Every little bird touches two other little birds; so they all keep each other warm, and on every side there are bright little eyes and sharp little ears. You can't see the quails' ears because they are covered up with feathers, but if a cat goes on his tiptoes creeping in the grass, and comes to where the quails are asleep, one looks up and shakes his brown wings, and, "Whir-r! whir-r! whir-r!" all the wings go at once and all the quails have flown away, clear off to another field.

Once, when it got dark, some of the quails began to think, "I won't go to the ring to-night; there will be quails enough, even

if I don't go." Some more said, "I'm too tired now, I won't go"; and one said, "Sometime I will go, but not now."

So there were only three quails who were wise and sat down in the ring that night, but the three sat with their tails in the ring and their heads out, just the same as if there were a lot there. The rest of the quails sat down in the grass, each one all alone by its own self.

The frost came and it got very cold, so that all their poor little legs and wings began to get quite stiff with the cold.

When it was chilly and dark, a big wildcat came out of its hole in an old tree. Now cats can see very well in the night. You can't see in the dark, but cats' eyes are made so that they can. This cat walked about the field till he saw a quail on the ground all by itself. He went quite around to see which way the quail could look, and when he got at its back, *jump*, he caught the poor little bird and ate him up.

Then he went to another one and crept up behind him too and caught him; then he went to another and another till he came to the place where the three quails sat back to back. He went to one side — there were quick little eyes to see him and sharp little ears to hear him. He went round to the other side — there the other little quail could see and hear him; and he went round and round again, but every way he found eyes and ears in front of him.

So the big cat went close up, as quiet as a mouse — so gently — so slow — so soft — so still (show with the fingers) — when, "whir! whir!" all the wings went and the birds flew far away. All the other quails heard too and flew away with them.

Ever since that all the quails in a field sit in big rings so that they can always have some one on the lookout for cats.

"Is that a true story, papa?"

"The quails really do that way. All the stories that I tell you are just as true as that," said Doris's papa.

The Robin that Thought He was Wise

ROBIN was a little bird. He had a beautiful red breast, but round the sides of his mouth was all yellow, just as if he had been eating egg and had forgotten to use a napkin. That showed that he was very young.

(He really had been eating egg when he was in the shell, but that was not what made his mouth yellow. I think his mouth was yellow so that his mamma could see it more easily.)

His tail was quite short and his wings were round.

The first day he left the nest he was very much afraid and did all that his papa told him, so he got on very well and learned to fly a little, to hold on to the trees and to hop quite well.

One day he went out with his mamma to learn to fly. She showed him how to spread out his wings and hop from one branch down to another, and light with his wings closed up. He did this two or three times, till he could do it very well.

"Now," said Robin, "I know how to fly." "Not quite yet," said his mamma, "but you will learn." "Yes, I do know how," said Robin. So he spread out his wings and hopped off the tree.

Poor little bird — he flapped his wings very hard; but his head went down and his tail went up, and down he fell on the ground.

There he lay quite still. He could not move, for the fall hurt him so much.

His mamma screamed "Geep, geep," and flew down to him. Poor Robin could not get up. After he had lain there a long time, he was able to hop a little bit; but although he tried very hard, he could not get up to the nest. Now it was near night and Robin's mamma had to go back to his little brothers and sisters to keep them warm. So she got poor Robin up on a fence where the dog could not get him and the cat might not see him, and his papa sat in a tree just above him to watch. Robin was cold and very much afraid, and the night seemed as long as a whole year.

The dog barked and Robin thought it would catch him. But it did not.

When morning came Robin's papa and his mamma brought him some breakfast and then they talked to him; they said he must jump with his legs and flap his wings. Robin tried it; he got up a little way in the air; his papa had made him go to a place where there was nice soft grass to fall on.

Then he tried again and again, and once when he made a great try his papa and his mamma flew beside him and helped him with their wings so that he got clear up to a branch near the nest. He hopped in and lay down. His little brothers said

"Beep, beep." That meant, "We are so glad Robin is back again." But Robin was asleep; at least he looked as if he were asleep.

The Sinker

ALL the boys and girls at the hotel were going to bathe in the sea. Bobby was going with them, and afterwards they were all to go off for a sail in a boat and to catch some fish. Some of the boys could swim, and when they asked Bobby if he could swim, too, he did not like to seem stupid, so he said "Yes, I can." One of the boys said, "He can't swim, he is too little," but Bobby said yes, he could swim. But he could not really.

They all went down to the beach and they took off their clothes in the bathing-houses and went in. Now there was a deep place quite near the shore, and of course the boys knew all about it. However, as Bobby said he could swim in deep water, no one thought to say anything to him about the deep hole, so poor Bobby walked straight into it and sank down in the water. He did not all sink down at once, because a fat little boy will not sink at first in water, but he let his face go down and the water went into his throat and into his nose. Then he sank under the water.

A gentleman, who liked to teach the boys to swim, jumped quickly into the water and dived and dived down till he found

poor Bobby and pulled him out. Then he held him right up in the air by his feet and let all the water run out of his chest and out of his mouth. He tied a string round Bobby's tongue and made it stick out of his mouth, so that it would not fall back into his throat and stop the breath from coming. For Bobby could not do anything: he was white and cold and lay quite still. The gentleman laid him down on his back, and lifted his arms up and let them go down again, so many, many times. Two men rubbed his feet and hands. They put a big coat round him and got hot bricks to put against his skin. After nearly an hour, while they were still working at him, Bobby opened his eyes and moved just a little bit. "Oh!" said the gentleman, "I am so glad; I was afraid he was not going to get well at all."

After that, they took him home and Bobby had to stay in bed for three days. He could not go fishing nor sailing with the others, and when he got better, his mamma would not let him go bathing again for ever so long; she was so frightened. All the boys used to call Bobby "the Sinker" after that.

But Bobby did learn to swim later; then he could go in the deep water and he was not afraid to go in boats, and even his mamma was not afraid to let him.

Showing Off

ONCE a white cat went to see a blue dog. Now, dogs are nice when they are blue, although people are not; and the dog showed a lot of tricks that he had learned. He could throw a piece of bread up in the air, and catch it in his mouth as it fell. He could walk on his hind legs and beg, and he could jump over a chair. And he could also run after a stick and bring it back. These were very pretty tricks and everybody said, "What a dear, smart little dog he is!" The cat thought, "I must do some tricks too." So when the dog (this was Wag, you know) came to see the cat, the cat wanted to show him some tricks; and what do you think she did — she scratched the screen with her paw and knocked a vase down off the shelf; she drank the cream that was on the table, and finally jumped up on the writing desk and put her paw into the ink, and walked all over the table-cloth with her black paw. You never saw such a sight in your life!

Pretty soon her mistress came in. Do you think she said "What pretty tricks"? No, indeed; she called Patrick and said, "Patrick, take that cat and put her in a bag and carry her thirteen miles away from here and drop her on the side of the road, so

that we will never see her again." So, of course, Patrick took her away, and everybody thought that was the end of the cat. But the cat came back, after being cold and hungry, hunted by dogs, and tired and wet and frightened. You never saw such a sight in your life!

However, by that time she had learned some sense — that is the way stupid people have to learn.

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Taming Wild Birds

DORIS used to go out in the park to see the little birds and the squirrels, and whenever she went she took some crackers or corn, or some nuts or canary seed, or something like that, and then she used to throw whatever she had down on the ground and then go away a little distance and stay quite still, and the little birds would come flying, flying down, and pick up the crumbs. Then she would walk a little bit nearer, but very gently, only a little nearer, step, step, step at a time. And next day she would throw some more food; so that the birds learned after a while to look for the little girl that always had something for them, and they would come flying down, coming nearer and nearer where she threw the crumbs, until one day a little bird made a little hop and fluttered his wings and pulled a piece of bread out of her fingers.

The squirrels had learned long ago to come and take nuts out of her hand, because they knew she would not hurt them. But one day a squirrel came when she was sitting on a bench in the park and jumped up on the bench beside her. He came over, shaking his little tail, and saying, "Gluck, gluck," and she put her hand in her pocket and took out a nut and gave it to him

to eat. He cut it open with his sharp teeth, and when it was all eaten he poked his head right into her pocket and pulled out another one his own self.

So Doris used to go and have the squirrels walking all over her and the little birds playing around her. They were not one bit afraid, because they knew that she would not hurt them, and do you know, when you go to the park, you can do just that, too, and get the squirrels and birds to come around you, and they will learn to be very sorry when you do not go to walk in the park.

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XXV

Too Much is No Good

BOBBY was very fond of potatoes. One day there were mashed potatoes for lunch and his mamma showed him how to make a little hill out of the potato and to make a hole on the top of it and put some butter and salt into it, so as to make it nice. When he had finished his helping of potato, his mamma said, "Isn't that good?" "Yes," said Bobby, "I want some more." Bobby's mamma said, "I don't think you had better have any more Bobby, there —" But before she could finish what she was saying, poor Bobby began to cry, "I will have some more potato. You give me some more potato."

His mamma said, "Very well, you can have some more, but I don't think it's wise," so she gave him a lot more and Bobby ate it, and it was very good. Then the plates were taken away and some pudding was brought in. Now Bobby didn't know about the pudding, and he had eaten so much potato that he could only take a little bit. He said, "I think I could eat some if I went out and walked round the block." But it was raining, so he thought it better not to try. And afterwards there was ice cream and cake, and poor Bobby had to be excused and go away from the table, because he really couldn't eat even a little bit of the ice cream and cake. Indeed, he felt a little sick even then. Poor Bobby!

Trying to Help

ROBIN'S sister fell out of her nest. It was cold and she was afraid that a cat might come along and eat her up.

A mouse found the little robin and he thought he would build it a nest. So he dug a hole in the ground and put some hay and straw in the bottom of it. Then he asked the robin to get into it. But the robin was frightened and said, "Peep, peep, peep."

A chicken came along and said, "That is not the way to build a nest. I'll build her one." So he got some sticks and feathers and leaves and made a nest on the ground and asked the robin to get into it. But the robin didn't think it was a nest at all.

Then a squirrel came and he said, "Why, those are very nice nests for rats and chickens, but if you want to make the robin comfortable, you must do as robins are used to do!" So he took the sticks up to a little fork in the tree and twisted them in together, and he carried hay and straw and put them into the bottom of it and around the sides, and the feathers in the middle. Then he said to the little robin, "Now, jump up on that tree." The robin fluttered up. "Now," said he, "jump up from one branch to another." So the little robin jumped up. Then he said,

"Take a little fly over the tree." After trying three times the robin got into the nest that the squirrel had made. It was not just like a robin's nest, but it was nearly like it, and the robin lay down quietly in it and went to sleep.

After awhile her papa and mamma came and fed her and kept her warm, and they said, "What a wise little squirrel that was to find out what people want, and then do things that way, so as to make them happy."

The robin grew up and had robins of her own, and very likely that robin that you saw was one of those very robins.

The Wheel that Went too Fast

LOOK inside my watch. Do you see that little wheel? Well, that's going round, but it goes so slowly that you can't see it go. That's the way it ought to go. Now, look on the other side. Do you see that little hand? That's the hand that tells the seconds. See how quick it goes. "Tick, tick, tick, tick," that's just the way it ought to go.

There was a little wheel in another watch that wanted to go as fast as the second hand; so off it started all on its own account, and the watch, instead of saying "tick, tick, tick," and telling what time it was, as all good watches do, began to say "buzz, buzz," and you couldn't tell what it was saying at all.

The little girl that owned the watch (you see she was such a careful little girl that her papa had given her a watch) took it to a watchmaker. He looked at it through a funny little glass that he stuck up to his eye and said, "Oh, I see what the matter is; that little wheel has broken loose; I guess it is no good." So he took the watch to pieces and took out the little wheel and smashed it into bits and threw it into a heap of scraps of brass.

Now, it happened that the scraps of brass were sold to a man that melted them all up again; and do you know that the brass was made into another little wheel and put in a new watch, and ever after that it went in such a beautiful way that it was the best wheel in the watch.

Willie's School

WILLIE went to school, and a very nice school it was, and he *could have* learned lots of things; only Willle didn't like arithmetic and wouldn't study it, so, of course, he didn't learn that. He wouldn't study his letters either, and when he got to be a great big boy, nearly as big as you are, he couldn't read one word. He wouldn't study his botany nor his natural history. He thought it was more fun to play; and so it is, if you don't know any better. Little lambs play all day long; but then they are good for nothing except to make wool and mutton, and Willie was growing up a little mutton-head with his wits all wool-gathering.

One day he went to buy some apples. He had just twenty-five cents. He asked the woman how much were the apples. She said, "Two cents each." Well, Willie thought that when he was buying a lot of apples, he ought to get them cheaper than two cents each, so he counted up on his fingers as well as he could, and then said, "I will give you twenty-five cents for nine apples." "All right," said the woman, so she put the apples in a bag and took the twenty-five cents, and Willie went off. When he told his papa, he said, "You ought to have had twelve apples

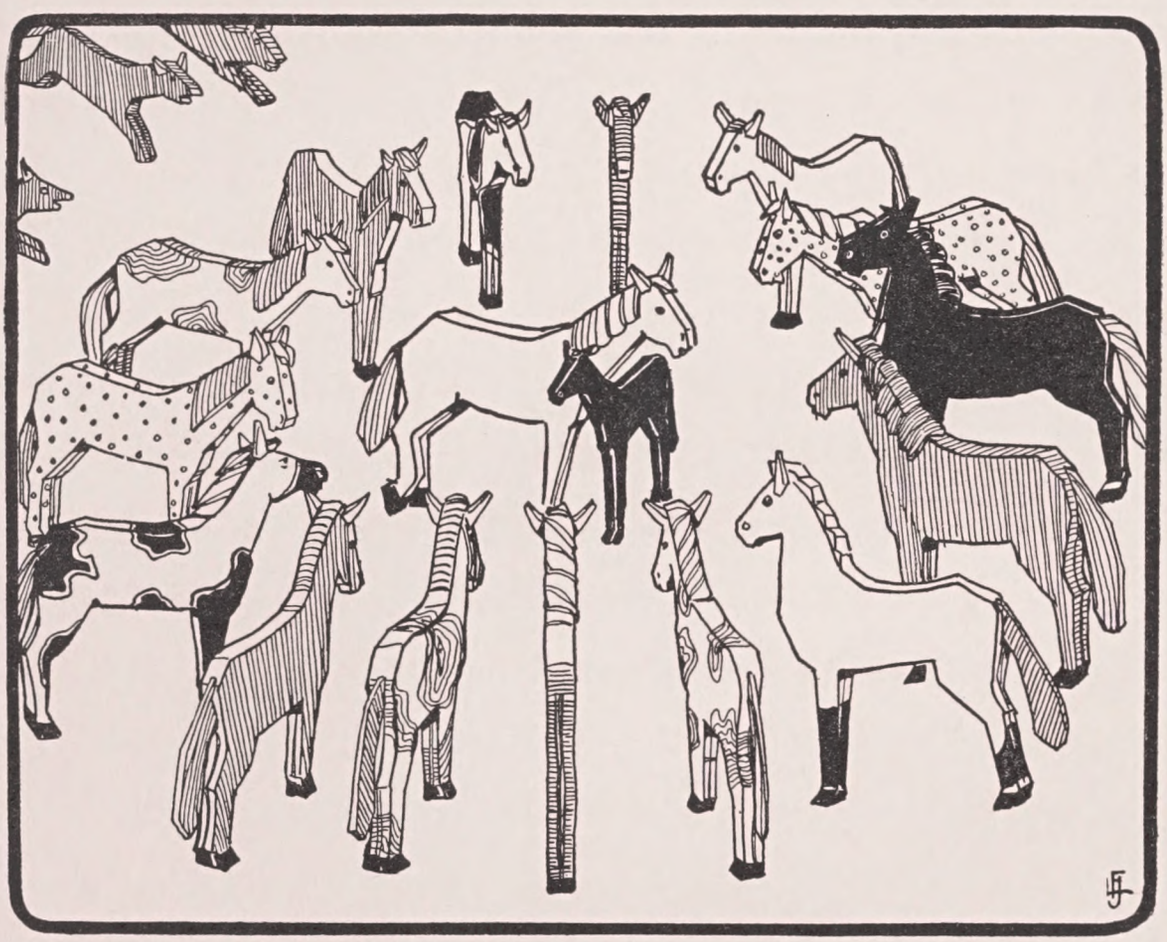
and a half for twenty-five cents, if they are only two cents each, and I suppose if you had asked for fifteen for your twenty-five cents, you would have got them." "Oh," said Willie, "I see; I was thinking that nine and nine made thirty." Well, that very afternoon, one of the boys told Willie that the hazel-nuts were ripe. "Aha!" thought Willie, "if I didn't get apples enough, I will get hazel-nuts anyhow." So he asked the boy where the nut bushes were, and the boy told him, and Willie went off to get them. Do you know that foolish little fellow walked right past the hazel-nuts bushes (he thought they grew on big trees) and into a whole clump of poison ivy, and got himself so stung with it that he had to be all covered over with ointment, and it was about a week before he could run about and play.

When he got well, he went off for a ride on his bicycle, and when he had gone a good way, he didn't know which way to turn to get home, so he went on until he came to a place where two roads crossed. There was a sign-board up there and Willie looked at it and looked at it, but you see he couldn't read and didn't know what it said, and when he asked people, they would point there and say, "Why, there it is up there, that's where you are going," and Willie didn't know any more than he did before. Finally a little girl came along, a little bit of a girl, and poor Willie was so ashamed that he had to ask her to read the sign-board for him, and she laughed at him. That wasn't either pleasant or polite.

Wild Horses

OVER where the sun goes down, there are fields so big that you can ride all day without seeing even one fence.

In these fields there are wild horses. They have no



stables and no one to take care of them; they just eat the grass that grows in the field. When the snow is all over the ground the horses poke it up with their noses and find the old grass lying under it.

There are big wolves there that can run very fast. Wolves are like large, fierce dogs. They eat wild horses, and when the snow is deep the poor horses' feet stick in it; but the wolves are not so heavy and can run over the top of the snow to catch the horses.

The horses are wise: what do you think they do when wolves come? All the big horses stand in a ring with their heels out and their heads in, and in the middle of the ring are the baby horses and their mammas.

The hungry wolves come to get a horse for supper. All the horses are standing in a crowd. The wolves say "Ow-ee-ee"; that means "How hungry we are." At once all the big horses make a ring and turn their heels out. A wolf comes up — kick! Two feet go out at him. He goes to the other side — kick! Two other feet go out. Every side the wolves go they find two kicking feet. Now, if a big horse kicked a wolf or a person with its two feet it would knock him down and break his bones, so the wolves are afraid. After a while they run away.

"Are there cows in those fields too?"

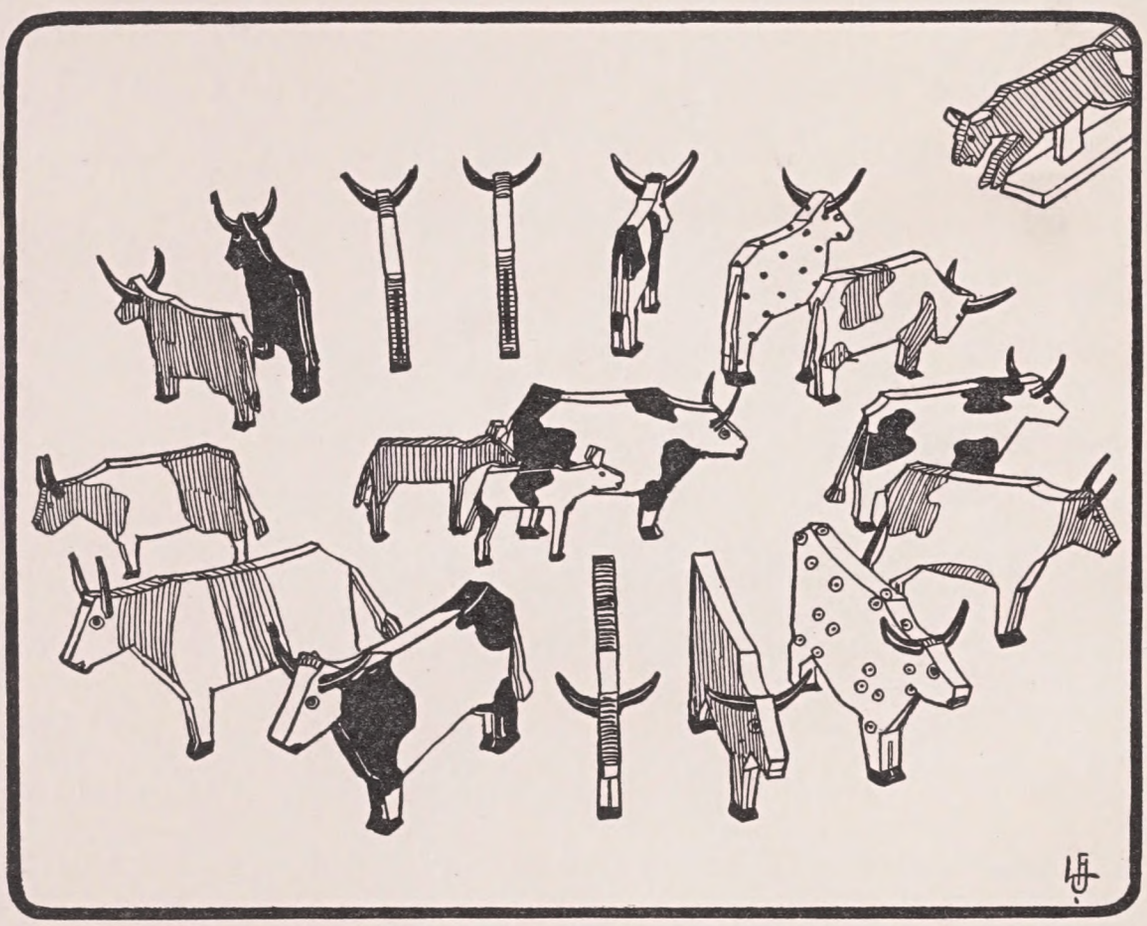
"Yes."

"Do the wolves eat the cows?"

"Yes; if they can catch one that is too sick to go with the others, and is all alone."

"Do the cows kick too?"

"No; cows don't always do the same as horses. Didn't you ever notice that when a horse gets up, it lifts up its front legs first; but when a cow gets up, it lifts up its hind legs first? Well, the cows do this in their own way too; the cows make a ring just



like the horses, with the calves inside, only the cows stand the other way, with their tails in and their heads out.

"I know why they do that."

"Why?"

"So that they can stick their horns in the wolves if the wolves come."

"That's it. Each one takes care of its brothers and sisters and so is safe itself."

"That's nice."

"Yes, in a Minute"

A RABBIT lived in a hole down by a lake. He had five young rabbits and the oldest one was called Bunny; that was because Bunny was all the name he had. At the bottom of the hole, his papa and his mamma had dug out a nice, round place where they could all lie together and keep each other warm. They had no spade, so they had to dig with their fore-feet like a dog. No one could find them when they were in the hole; for the hole was down under the roots of the trees. When the night was gone, and the sun came out, they used to go out to take a walk and get some breakfast; but they had to look out for foxes and hawks. Because foxes and hawks eat little rabbits.

One day a hawk flew over them and Bunny's mamma told him that he must snug down at once in the grass and be as still as if he were a stone. Then the hawk did not see him and flew far away. After that Bunny came out and ate some clover and they all went home to sleep. The next day when they had gone out in the road Bunny heard his mamma call, "Come, Bunny; come, Bunny"; but Bunny was looking at a bird. He said, "Yes, in a minute." You could not have known that this was

what he said, but rabbits know what each other say. The little bird ran along as if it had hurt its wing. It said, "Peep, pee-eep, peep," with its poor wing on the ground. Then Bunny's mamma ran off with her little white tail sticking up behind.

Bunny heard a strange noise: he thought, "That must be a hawk," so he snuggled down in the grass. Just then a big foot came crunch, right on Bunny's leg — it was the foot of a little boy who was walking along and not a hawk at all. The little boy's name was Tommy. Now it was Tommy that had scared the bird, for that bird was a snipe and it had its nest with its young ones quite near there. When Tommy came the snipe

thought Tommy would find her nest, so she made believe she was hurt and ran on the road with her wing on the ground, so that Tommy would go after her and away from her nest. Mamma rabbit saw her and knew some one must be near: that was why she called "Bunny," but Bunny did not know that at all.

Poor Bunny! his leg was sore where the boy tramped on it, and he could not run or walk. Tommy did not mean to hurt Bunny. He is a kind boy, so he picked Bunny up and put him inside his coat.

When he got home he got a clean box and some hay and put Bunny in it. Bunny was so lame for a long time that he could not even creep. Tommy brought him good things to eat; but Bunny had to stay in the box and he wanted so much to go back to his little brothers, and play tag with them in the grass as he used to do.

After a long, long time, his foot was well again. Then Tommy came with his papa and lifted Bunny up by his ears. That is the best way to lift little rabbits; but Bunny thought they were going to hurt him, so he tried to get away. But Tommy held him, and put him inside his coat and went out in the field.

There he let Bunny run off, and he ran and ran till he found his own hole and his papa and his mamma. After that he always listened to what his papa and his mamma said and did it at once, without waiting even one minute. For he said to him-

self, "They are so kind, that they would not tell me to do anything that I did not need to do."

You see Bunny's papa and mamma were very wise indeed.

The Big Baby

THERE was once a baby who was very large for his age. But he was only a baby, just the same. I won't tell you his name, because it is better to learn the names of wise and nice people than of silly ones, isn't it? He was nearly as big as your papa, and mamma said that as he was such a great big fellow, he could have long trousers and a necktie, and comb his own hair and everything, just like a grown-up person. So all the people thought he was really a young man. One day some one came to see him and asked at the door if he was in, so he came down to the parlor to see his company.

Well, the company said, "How do you do?" just as nicely as possible. What did that big boy do but run behind his mamma's dress and never say a word. (You see he was only a baby.) However, the company was too polite to say anything about it and they had some tea and crackers. As soon as the crackers came the company took one—the great big baby began to cry out, "She has taken the very biggest." His mamma was ashamed and said, "Oh, you must not do that, let the little lady have whichever she wants," and so she got him to be quiet.

As he was going across the room, he tripped on the carpet and fell down, not very hard, but it hurt him a little. At once he screamed out, "Boo-hoo, hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo!" "Why," said all the people, "he is nothing but a baby after all!" His mamma would not let him wear long trousers any more.

There was a little girl there too. Her name was Tu-tu; she was too too sweet. She was very little, but she was very nice, and as she came into the room, she pushed aside the curtain, and as it was quite dark and the sliding door was half open, she bumped her little nose against the door and the blood began to flow. It hurt, too, very much. Do you think she cried? No indeed! she got out her pocket handkerchief as quick as she could and put it up so that the blood would not go on the floor or on her clean dress. Of course the tears came into her eyes, but that is not crying, you know, and in a few minutes the blood stopped. Then she handed around the cake to all the ladies. The ladies and gentlemen all took some, and when they were finished there was not one bit left for Tu-tu. But she said, "Oh, no matter, I will have some another time." The people said, "What a nice little girl! I wish she could come to lunch with my little boy," and another said, "I haven't any little children, but I do wish Tu-tu would come to see me." Her mamma said to Tu-tu, "Well, you have behaved so nicely that you can go, for I know you will be good." So Tu-tu went

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to see all the visitors at their houses. And she played with all the children and they rode the hobby horse and had ice cream, not too much but just enough. The big baby boy wasn't invited at all. That was too bad. However, when he got older, he got wiser, just like you and me.

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